The (French) Kiss of Death

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The (French) Kiss of Death

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Assassin Black Kaiser rescues someone in the wrong place at the wrong time. Or, the right place and the right time...

Notes

I think I've written the timeline on this really confused. Basically, everything that happens below the _____ is 2 years before the first scene - so, how they first met.

I don't usually write for stuff I haven't seen yet. But rest assured I rewatched Relic Hunter twice whilst writing this! If that makes up for it?
Look. I had 2 hours sleep last night, meant to get an early one tonight. My hands hurt and it's almost 2am. This is not my best work. But there is daddy kink...

See the end of the work for more notes

“Mon Dieu,” Were the only intelligible words Michel Previn was able to gasp out before another thrust knocked the wind from him.

Likewise the words from his lover's mouth were equally unintelligible for those first few thrusts as they renewed their carnal relations.

Michel loved it when he got like this, claiming him. Over and over.

“I’m going to retire soon,” He said, a promise made during passion.

“You always say that daddy,” Michel chided, the words coming out as a whimper.

They were sat in the office chair in Michel’s apartment, Michel being pulled down by the hips onto the cock that thrust up to meet him.

“Daddy please,” Michel moaned. Begged, though he would never do so outside of this context. He knew his lover liked his sass, the fact that he gave as good as he got. But they both equally enjoyed his being submissive in the bedroom. With a side of bratty.

“Daddy, I need to come,” Michel whined he was fucked harder. His eyes rolling in his head as his climax became inevitable. “Daddy…” He cried out and came without warning, his cock spilling warm and wet over his daddy’s chest, as the man grunted at him. A few more merciless thrusts later he felt the wonderful sensation of being completely filled.

They lay against each other for a moment, panting and regaining composure. Michel only recovered as much composure as was possible when gravity was aiding his lover’s seed from his hole and down over his balls. He whimpered at the sensation.

“What do you say?” The words were rumbled next to his ear.

Michel snuggled into the furred chest he lay on, “Thank you daddy.”

~Two Years Earlier~

“Monsieur Previn, you really should have minded your own business,” The portly American chuckled, his belly jiggling as he did so. His French pronunciation? Utter shit.

Michel sneered in disgust and pulled again at the bindings holding him to the chair, only making the sleazy old man laugh all the more.

“There’ll be no escape for you,” The man’s words became sinister and he turned away, lifting the relic Michel had been hunting, and had come so close to possessing. An authenticated medallion belonging to Jacques de Molay, Grand Master of the Knights Templar.

“I would say let this be a lesson to you, to not get in over your head. But you won’t live long enough to-”

The man’s face was frozen in the grin he had been wearing. A trickle of blood running down from his forehead and the small hole that had appeared there, before legs gave way and he fell to the floor with a heavy thud.

Michel, eyes wide, remained still. He certainly had learned that he shouldn’t get in above his head, yes this was certainly lesson enough of that. He just hoped that whatever was happening would not be the last thing that happened to him.

The minutes felt like hours as he sat there trying to not even breath whilst the man at his feet burbled his last.

When the door opened, Michel had been completely focused on the body, not really paying attention until the man was in front of him, pushing the body with his big black boots. Michel looked up at the same time the man looked down.

The stranger was slowly putting his gun away, drawing back on a cigarette. Michel winced inwardly at what that did to him. He would have cursed about it but if this was how he was going to die, he might as well die in the first flares of arousal.

They watched each other intently for a moment, and Michel wondered if the man could tell that he was a little hard. But then the killer, his saviour, turned to leave.

“Monsieur, please. Will you untie me?” Michel wasn’t often one for begging, only in very certain contexts, but this man brought it out of him. Or perhaps it was the situation - tied to a chair, at the mercy of all.

The man turned back to look at him again, “Why are you tied up?”

The words were gruff, not annoyance though, more like the man was struggling in some way.

“I didn’t mind my own business. This sous-merde,” He tried to kick at the corpse with his foot but couldn’t quite reach, “came into possession of an artefact I had been seeking. It would sell for a large sum on the black market.”

The man raised a brow, looking down at the corpse and back up at him. Michel wanted to believe the man was impressed that he had gone toe to toe with hardened criminals over the preservation of history… But he likely was thinking Michel an idiot.

Michel clenched his jaw, annoyed at himself for the burgeoning desire to win this stranger’s praise. His own predictability made him sneer anew. He was a sucker for these older men with their stubbled faces, and frames that drawfed his own lithe form.

The silence was ended by a small huff, barely there. Michel wasn’t sure he had heard it at first, then there was a flicker of something across the man’s face. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a knife, flipping it open as Michel gasped.

Transfixed and titillated.

He leaned down and sliced cleanly through the ropes that bound him, the look briefly on his face again as he stood.

The man turned away and walked back towards the door, he was almost there - Michel shrugging off the ropes - when he slumped to the floor.

If he had any sense, Michel would have left, stepped over killer and start minding his own business.

~Three Weeks Later~

“Oh, stop grumbling,” Michel scalded the man who would only name himself as Kaiser.

Michel ignored his house guest, wrapping his light robe around his frame and fetching some water before returning to the bed.

Three weeks earlier, this man - a stranger then, or at least more so than now - had inadvertently rescued him from certain death at the hands of a nefarious criminal. Giving away very little, Michel had deduced that Kaiser had his own reasons for killing the man, and it had just been Michel's good fortune for this to happen before he himself was killed.

By the time he'd returned, Kaiser had had time enough to place a cigarette in his mouth and was about to light it.

"Tsk, no. Not in the bed," Michel admonished.

With a huff the cigarette was put aside.

Three weeks ago this man had saved him... before collapsing with an infected wound. The wound itself was tiny and well taken care of, it had just been clearly impossible to keep clean… doing whatever he was doing.

Michel had decided to mind his own business on that front.

But not on returning a favour. He had brought the man back to his house boat and nursed him back to health with some antiseptics, warmth and food.

*

Ten days ago the man had been compos mentis enough to realise his surroundings, vaguely recognise Michel, and become concerned. Michel was glad he had removed his clothing and any concealed weapons he might have.

Michel had assured him that no one would find them, should they come looking. He had unmoored the boat and followed the Seine out of Paris and into assured anonymity.

*

It was one day as Michel strummed his guitar that Kaiser had risen from the bed and made his way into the main living space of the boat to investigate the music. Open plan but cluttered with collectables of all kinds.

Kaiser hated it and made no secret of that. He was too weak still for Michel to have any concern, so instead it was amusing that this tough guy was so riled by table tops rendered unusable due to piles of comic books.

"I don't understand the appeal," Kaiser practically grunted.

Michel smirked, "Comic books are modern myths, one place where heroes still exist." This only earned another grunt, at which Michel shook his head, possibly enjoying too much how easily riled this man was.

An injured and caged animal, Michel realised. Something majestic and powerful. Silent and deadly - a kiss of death visited upon people. But now trapped and discomforted by the situation he found himself in and yet was unable to challenge.

*

It had only been three days earlier that they had first fucked, though they had done little else since then.

Whilst they might not have had deep and meaningful conversations, they found something of interest in each other and enjoyed the play between them.

Kaiser clearly enjoyed Michel being a brat, and had lightly swot his derrière more than once. A threat and a promise.

*

Kaiser scowled between Michel and the cigarette, at which Michel huffed and dropped down onto the bed - slipping from his robe in one smooth motion as he did so.

“Be a good guest,” Michel scalded lightly.

Kaiser’s eyes narrowed, “You are a bossy brat. If I wasn’t so weak I would spank you.”

Michel’s eyes went wide and his pulse picked up. He swallowed - the only hesitation before saying - with no conscious intention to do so, “You think I need to be spanked, daddy?”

Michel’s lips quivered a little and the emotion wasn’t fake. But it wasn’t upset or fear, it was overwhelming anticipation. The usually muffled desire to be praised or punished surfacing with such immediacy that it shocked Michel to have taken so long to do so in this man’s company.

Kaiser’s eyes flashed with something Michel was sure was also there when the man pulled a trigger of plunged a blade.

He reached out and pulled Michel roughly across his lap, only the blankets between their naked bodies.

The first spank was hard, harder than Michel expected it might be. The following two were perhaps the same but the flesh was already numbing to it.

“Daddy,” Michel cried out, tears stinging the corners of his eyes, though not from the pain.

~A Month Later~

At some point the house boat had drifted aimlessly and they hadn’t stopped it.

“So good, such a good boy for me,” Kaiser praised as he lay back the bed, Michel riding his cock slowly, their hands gripped together for balance.

Michel loved this. Not just the weeks on end of fucking, living away from reality and just indulging in each other, but Kaiser. His praise. His affection.

Now Michel only received a spanking if he was being a brat, and that was always entirely purposeful.

He knew they both loved this, Kaiser enjoying the power he had over Michel whilst his recovery stripped the strength he normally possesed. Michel enjoying the sweet words as Kaiser told him how good he was, how perfect he was. How he loved to keep his cock inside his boy.

Michel whimpered at the thought and tried to ride harder, unable to get the angle just right.

“Tell daddy what you need, little one.” Kaiser’s voice was gravel.

Michel nodded, squeezing his eyes shut, “Will you fuck me daddy, please… Want to feel you… s'il te plaît papa...”

Kaiser growled and rolled them, caging Michel beneath him as he began to fuck into him, hard and deep. Michel angled his hips enough to take his lover as deep as possible, wrapping his legs around the hard muscles above him. He began to mutter praises against Michel’s ear, how good he was, how tight, how perfect. There was English and French and then other languages - some Michel might have recognised if he wasn’t being pounded into delirium.

“I need to…” Michel tried to reach between them to take himself in hand, but Kaiser slapped his hand away, redoubling his efforts as he fucked his boy into the mattress.

Michel felt like he was going to explode from his skin as the praise began anew and his daddy took him apart in a way that they had become practised at but far from bored of.

His climax hit as Kaiser was mid thrust, and Michel screamed “Daddy!” as he buried himself to the hilt.

Michel was practically sobbing sweet nothings as Kaiser continued to chase his own release.

*

Supplies were getting low, but Michel wasn’t stupid. That wasn’t why they were mooring.

Kaiser stood on the deck smoking, the only place Michel would allow. His expression betrayed no emotion, it never did other than in the throes of passion.

Michel prepared them to moor and he *knew* without Kaiser having to say anything. He had known this fantasy was always temporary, and the hedonist in him would not allow that as an excuse to not partake.

The lines secured, Michel turned to find Kaiser behind him. Silent and well, healed and strong. Ready to continue in the work that Michel could only guess at.

He pulled Michel to him and buried his face in plentiful curls.

“Stay out of trouble little one,” He muttered the words but it felt like a command. Michel shivered.

Michel nodded against his chest.

Michel cleared his throat and pulled back, offering his hand to shake, with a grin he asked, “Will I see you again?”

He had expected the answer to be no, or perhaps just silence. He hadn’t expected the soft smile.

“I hope so.”

Michel felt the flicker of something a little more than hope in his chest and he replied quickly, “Shall I give you my number, email?”

Kaiser shook his head, “I will find you Michel Previn,” there was an amused note to his voice.

“I hope you do…” He trailed off not expecting the word to come, the prompt to be taken up.

But Kaiser leaned in, whispering against his ear, “Duncan”.

Michel let out a trembling breath, sure that this was a truth not lightly given. He replied in the only way he knew how as Duncan made his way off the boat -

“Thank you, daddy.”

End Notes

Welp. Haven't done an impromptu fic like that in a long while. Hope my future self gets to at least a five min nap tomorrow...

I've left a bit of an ambiguous ending (the first scene technically being the ending... because my brain works odd on so little sleep). As I haven't seen the movie yet I didn't want to touch on that post retirement aspect, so I just sort of headcanon that he's always promising Michel that he will retire and they will be together. So this could be completely AU, or maybe there would be a way to fit him in the plot of Polar, that remains to be seen :)

If you liked this story, you might also enjoy - You're My Bitch also starring Michel Previn.

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